The Sea will ebb and flow, heauen ſhew his face:
Young blood doth not obay an olde decree.
We can not croſſe the cauſe why we were borne:
Therefore of all handes muſt we be forſworne.
King. What, did theſe rent lines ſhew ſome loue of thine?
Ber. Did they quoth you? Who ſees the heauenly *Roſaline*,
That (like a rude and ſauadge man of *Inde*.)
At the firſt opning of the gorgious Eaſt,
Bowes not his vaſſall head, and ſtrooken blind,
Kiſſes the baſe ground with obedient breaſt.
What peromptorie Eagle-ſighted eye
Dares looke vpon the heauen of her brow,
That is not blinded by her maieſtie?
King. What zeale, what furie, hath inſpirde thee now?
My Loue (her Miſtres) is a gracious Moone,
Shee (an attending Starre) ſcarce ſeene a light.
Ber. My eyes are then no eyes, nor I *Berowne*.
O, but for my Loue, day would turne to night,
Of all complexions the culd ſoueraignтie,
Do meete as at a faire in her faire cheeke,
Where ſeuerall worthies make one dignitie,
Where nothing wantes, that want it ſelfe doth ſeeke.
Lend me the floriſh of all gentle tongues,
Fie paynted Rethoricke, O ſhee needes it not,
To thinges of ſale, a ſellers prayſe belonges:
She paſſes prayſe, then prayſe too ſhort doth blot.
A witherd Hermight fiueſcore winters worne,
Might ſhake off fiftie, looking in her eye:
Beautie doth varniſh Age, as if new borne,
And giues the Crutch the Cradles infancie.
O tis the Sunne that maketh all thinges ſhine.
King. By heauen, thy Loue is blacke as Ebonie.
Berow. Is Ebonie like her? O word deuine!
A wife of ſuch wood were felicitie.
O who can giue an oth? Where is a booke?
That I may ſweare Beautie doth beautie lacke,
If that ſhe learne not of her eye to looke:
No face is fayre that is not full ſo blacke.

King. O paradox, Blacke is the badge of Hell,
The hue of dungions, and the Schoole of night:
And beauties creſt becomes the heauens well.
Ber. Diuels ſooneſt tempt reſembling ſpirites of light.
O if in blacke my Ladyes browes be deckt,
It mournes, that painting vſurping haire
Should rauiſh dooters with a falſe aſpect:
And therefore is ſhe borne to make blacke fayre.
Her fauour turnes the faſhion of the dayes,
For natiue blood is counted paynting now:
And therefore redd that would auoyde diſprayſe,
Paintes it ſelfe blacke, to imitate her brow.
Duma. To looke like her are Chimnie-ſweepers blake.
Long. And ſince her time are Colliers counted bright.
King. And *Æthiops* of their ſweete complexion crake.
Duma. Darke needes no Candles now, for darke is light.
Ber. Your Miſtreſſes dare neuer come in raine,
For feare their colours ſhould be waſht away.
King. T were good yours did: for ſir to tell you plaine,
Ile finde a fayrer face not waſht to day.
Ber. Ile proue her faire, or talke till doomſe-day heere.
King. No Diuel will fright thee then ſo much as ſhee.
Duma. I neuer knew man holde vile ſtuffe ſo deare.
Long. Looke, heer's thy loue, my foote and her face ſee.
Ber O if the ſtreetes were paued with thine eyes,
Her feete were much too daintie for ſuch tread.
Duma. O vile, then as ſhe goes what vpward lyes?
The ſtreete ſhould ſee as ſhe walkt ouer head.
King. But what of this, are we not all in loue?
Ber. O nothing ſo ſure, and thereby all forſworne.
King. Then leaue this chat, and good *Berowne* now proue
Our louing lawfull, and our fayth not torne.
Duma. I marie there, ſome flatterie for this euyll.
Long. O ſome authoritie how to proceede,
Some tricks, ſome quillets, how to cheate the diuell.
Duma. Some ſalue for periurie.
Ber. O tis more then neede.
Haue at you then affections men at armes,